EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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MOUSIE'S MISSION.

BY MARION RICH THOMAS.

THE way to Winslow School was very pleasant. First there was the walk down Grassmount Street under the rows of great elms, with the pretty houses and well-kept gardens on either side.

At the foot of the hill came the bridge crossing the river, that at that point made a great lake-like swell in Judge Benson's grounds. The children liked to lean over the railing and feed Claire Benson's swans. Then they enjoyed looking into the beautiful park with its winding walks and white statues peeping out from the shrubbery.

The road then lay over a sandy plain which was hot in summer and snow-drifted in winter. But this was not minded much, as just beyond was a patch of woodland through which a clear brook murmured on its way to the river.

After the woodland had been passed, the red bell-tower of the pretty schoolhouse could be seen rising from among its trees. But between the wood and the schoolhouse lay the one disagreeable portion of the walk. It was that part of the road which ran close to a yellow farm-house with its barns and outbuildings.

The children generally scampered past this place with hurrying feet and quick breath, the wild throbbings of their little hearts adding new terrors to their hasty flight. But why this haste, you ask?

In the yellow farm-house lived cross old Farmer Gilbert, who hated nothing so much as children. He had a yellow dog, too, that the children feared beyond measure.

One day they had been picking violets in his meadow, when what should come bounding down after them but the terrible yellow dog.

On he came, snapping and snarling, while after him shouted the gruff voice of Farmer Gilbert, "At 'em, Tige! Little wretches! Ugh! Ugh! Chase 'em out."

The frightened children ran like so many startled sheep. All got over the wall in safety but Mousie Bell, the youngest of them all. She fell down, and the next moment the dreadful dog had hold of her dress.

Poor little Mousie, what a shriek of woe and terror she gave! It ought to have melted the hardest heart.

The yellow dog stood still, never offering to do further harm.

"There, Tige, let go," said his master. "Now, you little imp, get out of my meadow; and if I ever ketch you here again, I'll let Tige eat you up!"

But the terrified child could not stir; in her fright she was powerless.

The unfeeling man caught her up, and dropped her over the wall so roughly that one tender arm was grazed against the stones.

How Mousie ever got home was a mystery. But she soon staggered into her mother's arms as pale as a little ghost, crying hysterically, and unable to tell her story.

Mrs. Bell soon gathered the facts from the indignant children, and her own heart swelled with pain as she saw the white face and the purple bruise on the baby arm.

There was no school for Mousie the rest of the afternoon. For hours her mother held and soothed her, and at last laid her down asleep on the library lounge.

Miss Jordan, the teacher, called after school, and the two ladies sat talking over the affair and trying to decide what was best to do.

Mousie awoke and heard the conversation.

"It is dreadful to think how hard and harsh Mr. Gilbert has become," said Miss Jordan. "Since his little girl's death he has been like one out of his mind."

"Why, I have never heard about it," said Mrs. Bell.

"Years ago Mr. Gilbert had a farm in Merryville, and a lovely young wife and little daughter. The child was taken ill with diphtheria, and died. His wife died soon after of grief. Mr. Gilbert sold his farm and came here, and ever since has been the man we see him. Father says he used to be such an impulsive, warm-hearted man."

"I am glad you told me that," said Mrs. Bell. "It gives me more patience to bear with his cruelty to an innocent little child."

Mousie lay with very red cheeks, and a world of feeling surging in her little heart. Poor old man, how she pitied him! To lose his wife and little girl, and then to be all alone! The child who had known so little save love and tenderness in her short life, now felt her heart swelling with pity for the lonely, harsh old man. For several days Mousie remained at home pale and languid after her fright. When she began school again she shrank a little going past the dreaded place, but gave no other sign.

In the mean time Farmer Gilbert was a very uncomfortable man. He remembered a little child face stricken with terror, and with something in the upturned blue eyes that reminded him of his own little Mary now under the violets. Farmer Gilbert was a much ashamed man.

One Saturday in June as he sat at his desk making out bills, he heard the uncertain tread of shy feet coming over the flagged walk, then a timid knock at the open door.

"Come in," he said gruffly.

Once more came the tread of those small feet, and a child stood by his knee, — a wee maid not more than five years old, with two sweet blue eyes shining out like stars from their framework of golden hair. She was dressed in white, and one plump hand held a bouquet of sweet-scented flowers.

"Well, who are *you*, and what do you want?" he said, trying to make his voice as gruff as usual. But somehow he did not succeed, and the small maid said, —

"I am Rosamond Bell, only every one calls me Mousie, and I came to bring you some flowers."

"What for? What do you suppose I care for flowers?" he said, wrinkling up his shaggy brows.

Mousie looked earnestly at him, her whole soul in her eyes. "I 'm so sorry for you 'cause you have n't any little girl," she said simply.

He seized her in his arms and kissed her again and again, the tears flowing over his wrinkled face.

"Don't cry," said the little one, cuddling up in his arms like a tiny dove, "I 'll be your little girl next to papa's and mamma's. I 'll love you. I 've got a whole heart full of love."

"But I set the dog on you, child. How can you love such a wicked old man?" he said, in broken tones.

"We did n't mean to be naughty. We only wanted the violets. We won't go there again," said the dear little thing. "I *do* love you, 'cause you have n't any little girl."

An hour later, when Mrs. Bell was wondering anxiously where her small daughter could be, in walked Mr. Gilbert, and holding fast by his hand was Mousie.

"Mousie has promised to be my own little niece," he said gravely. "She has forgiven me my cruelty; and after this no child shall fear to go past my house."

It was even so. The school children came to know the old house well. What frolics they had at the farm, what nuttings, huskings, and berry parties! Mr. Gilbert grew young again, and even old Tige became so amiable that he forgot to bark so often, and allowed the children to roll over him and pull him about in their play. So the road to Winslow School lost its one terror, and Farmer Gilbert became the friend of all boys and girls.

AMY'S REMORSE.

BY HELEN M. HARMER.

IT 'S very tiresome and a great shame," said Amy Gordon, as she stood at the open door and watched her three schoolmates running down the garden path.

"It is no one's fault, Amy," said her mother, gently. "You know if baby had been well enough, I would have taken him with me."

"I don't see what he wanted to be sick for to-day, of all days," said Amy, coming in and closing the door so hastily that the baby threw up his hands with a little cry of fright.

"O Amy, do be careful! I want him to sleep all he will to-day. Be sure to keep him well covered; and when you take him up, wrap him in the large shawl."

"All right, mother," said Amy, crossly. "I 'm sure he gets plenty of care. I wish we had no baby."

"O Amy!" replied Mrs. Gordon, "how can you talk like that? I wish I could stay at home with the dear little thing."

"Never mind, mother," said Amy, more pleasantly, when she saw how worried her mother looked; "I will be good to him."

"I know you will, dear; but I must go now. I won't kiss him, he might wake. I think he has only a bad cold, and if kept warm will be all right. Good-by, dear."

Mrs. Gordon's husband was a sailor. He was not always able to send home money just when it was needed, and so Mrs. Gordon was glad occasionally to go out to sew. It happened that on the day fixed for Amy's Sunday-school picnic she had an engagement. Had the baby been well enough, she would have taken him with her; but though sorry to disappoint Amy, she thought it right he should be kept indoors. So when the little girls called for Amy, they were obliged to go without her.

Left alone, Amy tried to read, but her thoughts would wander to the picnic. She kept thinking how much fun the other girls were getting, while she must stay indoors all day.

Amy let her angry feelings master her better ones, and at last persuaded herself that she had been very badly treated; so by the time baby awoke she felt it was all his fault, and began shaking the cradle so roughly that all sleep was rocked out of him; and poor little Tom, being used to very gentle treatment, set up a pitiful cry.

"Hush-a-bye, baby," began Amy; but it was of no use. Tom only cried the louder.

"Be quiet, you naughty little boy," said Amy, shaking her head and looking so crossly that Tom, who was accustomed to a smile and a kiss when he awoke, screwed up his face and gave a little sob.

"Well there, be a good boy and you shall get up," said Amy; and she lifted him from the cradle and gave him some of the food her mother had prepared; but he seemed very restless, and scarcely touched it.

Amy tried to amuse him with his rattle; but he threw it down and looked round for the kind face he missed, and began crying again, calling "Mamma! mamma!" Finding he could not be amused, Amy began singing his favorite "Yankee Doodle." For a minute it pleased him; but being far from well, he dropped his head on her shoulder

At any other time Amy would have comforted and kissed him; but now she looked at the baby through the eye-glasses of selfishness, and saw only a naughty child trying to give as much trouble as possible. With an impatient jerk she laid him in his cradle, and dashed it backwards and forwards in a way not likely to give ease to a sick child. At last, worn out, the blue eyes closed, and Amy was at liberty. She took her book and was forgetting her disappointment, when the door was thrown open, and Millie Lester rushed in, out of breath. "O Amy," she cried, "Miss Marlow wants you to come over for a little while. We are having such fun!"

"Oh, I wish I could," said Amy. "If only there was any one to take care of baby, I would."

"I'll stay for an hour," said Millie, pleasantly. "I've had lots of fun all day."

"Oh, that's good of you," said Amy. "Then I'll run up and put on a clean dress." And in a few minutes she came down looking very neat and nice, and kissing her friend good-by, ran hastily down the garden.

Millie sat in the rocking-chair, and took up the book Amy had been reading; but had hardly read a page when Tom turned over and began to cry. "Poor little baby," said Millie, taking him up in her arms, "have some nicey food?" But in vain she tried to coax him; he would only drink a little milk. Up and down the room walked patient Millie, but nothing would quiet him; he wanted mamma.

"How foolish of Amy," thought Millie, "to keep the child so hot! Come, baby, we'll go out in the nice garden;" and she took him, bare-headed as he was, and sat under a shady tree.

Poor little Tom grew more and more restless; and Millie began to be frightened, when, to her great relief, she saw Mrs. Gordon come up the garden.

"My dear child," said the latter, taking the baby from Millie's arms, "how came you to be tending baby? Where is Amy?"

Millie explained.

"You are a kind little girl," said Mrs. Gordon; "but it was wrong of Amy to leave home. I am afraid baby is very ill. Will you go to Dr. Woodhouse and ask him to come quickly?"

"Gladly," said Millie; and she was soon running in the direction of the doctor's house. Fortunately he was at home, and so returned with Millie in his buggy.

Just as they stopped at the gate, Amy came up, hot and breathless. "What is the matter, Millie?" she cried; and as the latter got down to answer her, the doctor went into the house. The two girls stood on the steps talking. It seemed an age to them till Dr. Woodhouse came out, and then they could learn nothing from his grave face.

"Let's go and hear what he says," said Millie; and they hurried upstairs.

"Is he very ill?" asked Amy, frightened by her mother's sad face.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Gordon. "The doctor says had he been kept warm, he would probably have been all right; but he has caught a fresh cold, and he cannot tell how it will end."

"Then it is my fault," said Millie; but I thought the air would do him good."

"Oh, it is only I who am to blame!" cried Amy, tears starting to her eyes.

"I must go now," said Millie; "but I will come in the morning to see how he is."

"O mother, I am so sorry!" said Amy, with difficulty keeping back her sobs.

"I know you must be, dear," said her mother. "But you had better go to bed now; it is getting late." Amy said "good-night," and begged her mother to call her if Tom were worse.

She had not been long asleep when Mrs. Gordon called her. "Amy," she said, "you must go at once for Dr. Woodhouse. Baby is much worse."

Amy was up in a moment, and very quickly dressed. Poor child! as she hurried along the moonlit lanes, her heart was very sad. What if little Tom should die? Then indeed her thoughtless wish would be gratified. She would have no dear little baby to care for. She reached the doctor's house and rang the bell vigorously. Almost immediately she heard the doctor's voice, asking what was the matter.

"O sir," cried Amy, "I think baby is dying. Will you please come right away?" "Yes," said the doctor, "I will be down directly;" and in a few minutes they were walking back to the cottage.

The doctor went upstairs, Amy following. She saw her mother's face, and feared the worst. Only once before had she seen that despairing look; and that was five years ago, when her little brother Freddie had been laid in his tiny coffin.

With a sinking heart Amy went to her little room. There on her knees beside the bed she poured out her agonized thoughts and prayed her first real earnest prayer. How fervently she prayed that God would spare her little brother! She cried out in her bitter remorse that she would be so good, so kind, so loving, if only Tom might stay. She arose comforted, and went to her mother's door.

She heard the doctor's voice saying, "Oh, no, Mrs. Gordon. With care and good nursing, please God, little Tom will yet grow up to be a blessing and comfort to his mother."

Only a few words, and yet how wonderfully sweet they seemed to Amy! She crept back to her room, happy tears rolling down her cheek, and words of heartfelt gratitude burst from her lips. She heard the doctor close the door, and then went to her mother. She turned as Amy entered, and beckoned for her to come nearer. Amy knelt beside the bed, her mother's loving arm encircled her; and though no word passed between them, Amy felt she was understood.

One afternoon, a few weeks later, a tall, weather-beaten sailor stood in the Gordons' little kitchen. In his arms he danced baby Tom, now well and strong. Tears rose to Amy's eyes as she thought how sad this meeting would have been if the baby had died through her neglect.

He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness, and honor.

History and Biography.

THE POET CAEDMON.

BY ANNIE DARLING.

Perhaps no literature has a history so interesting, or a record of such continued prosperity, as that of England. From the chronicles of history we learn of the warlike deeds of a nation; but from its literature we catch glimpses of its inner life. The conquerors of Britain possessed little knowledge until the blessing of Christianity was given them. From that moment it gradually increased and expanded, as does a flower under the genial rays of a summer sun.

In the year 657 a monastery was founded in Whitby, on the coast of Yorkshire. Among the tenants on the Abbey lands was the poet Caedmon. Though ignorant and unlearned he was a devout and earnest Christian.

One day Caedmon was bidden to a feast at the house of a distant neighbor. The guests came either on horseback or in rude cars drawn by oxen. At night these animals were guarded by the guests in turn.

One evening Caedmon was sitting with his companions, who were amusing themselves with the rude songs and heathen tales so common in those early days. As the time drew near for Caedmon to take his turn in the story-telling, he quietly slipped away to the stables. He longed to be able to replace the songs of his companions with something better and purer, something that would reveal to them the Saviour whom, in their ignorance, they were rejecting. But alas, how could he, a poor ignorant man, do such a thing? Thinking such thoughts, and lulled to rest by the quiet of the stables, he fell asleep; and in his sleep some one came to him and said, "Caedmon, sing."

He said, "I cannot. I came hither out of the feast because I cannot sing."

"But," said the sweet voice again, "you have to sing to me. Sing of the origin of creatures."

Having received this command, Caedmon began to sing a hymn of praise to God, and on awakening, continued to compose the song given him in his sleep.

The next morning he hastened to the Abbess of the monastery, and offered to use his newly awakened gift of song to aid her in her work.

She caused portions of the Scriptures to be read to him, that he might put them into verse. This he did so well that his offer was accepted; and from that time until his death he was constantly at work, and the Bible written in pleasing song was widely distributed among the people of the surrounding country.

Caedmon's "Paraphrase" tells of the Garden of Eden, and the story of Abraham and Isaac, ending the Old Testament version with the feast of Belshazzar. The "Paraphrase" of the New Testament has for its subject Christ and his victory over Satan.

Thus Caedmon was the first to touch the strings of the harp of English poetry in the words of praise and adoration to the Creator.

"Most right it is that we praise with our words,
Love in our minds, the Warden of the skies,
Glorious King of all the hosts of men;
He speeds the strong, and is the head of all
His high creation, the Almighty Lord.
None formed Him; no first was, nor last shall be.
Of the Eternal Ruler; but His sway
Is everlasting over thrones in heaven."

Our Letter-Box.

The readers of Every Other Sunday have quite taken the Letter-Box into their own hands, as this number will show. We were glad to hear again from Miss Kate, and we give her enigma below. A letter from Newton Highlands, signed Bertha M. C., — which we are not able to give in full, — contains so much praise of Every Other Sunday that the editor feels he must work even harder than hitherto to make it an entertaining paper. Bertha says: "I have seventeen Every Other Sundays, and I love to look them over because what they contain is so interesting." Now, will not Bertha send us answers to some of the questions asked in the Letter-Box? We think from her neat penmanship she is old enough to be interested in the Bible questions as well as the enigmas and puzzles. Who has looked up the birds mentioned in the Gospels? We do not hear a single voice yet.

Hereford Ranch, Decatur, Texas.

Editor of Every Other Sunday, —

I was very pleased indeed to see my note in print. I send an enigma which I would be very much pleased to see in the paper, to surprise my papa. . . . I have four sisters, — one older and the rest younger than myself. I live on a ranch, and have a brown pony and a Hereford cow and calf. My papa has a good many Hereford cattle; that is where he got the name of the ranch from.

Your little reader,

Kate Houts.

A little story for Letter-Box, by one of its young readers.

KEEPING HOUSE.

One pleasant day in September, Mamma Carleton went to the city to stay two days. She left the house and two small children, aged five and six, to the care of their two older sisters, aged thirteen and fifteen. Their names, in order, were Emma and Cora, the two oldest, and Ina and Maude, the youngest. In the afternoon of that day two girls came to the house to stay with Emma. Their names were Nellie and Carrie Cross. These girls together spent the afternoon in a very pleasant way. When it became time to get tea Emma invited Nellie and her sister to take tea with them, and they eagerly accepted. Then they agreed that Emma and Nellie should get tea, while Cora and Carrie were clearing up a room, to have it neat and pleasant for their father when he came home from his work. So while Emma made the biscuit, Nellie cut the potatoes and fried them. Then they both set the table, placing the butter, milk, and cake in their proper places, and then lit the pleasant shaded lamp. All this while Cora and Carrie were enjoying themselves in Cora's room, looking at some pieces of silk which she intended to use for a large quilt. After Mr. Carleton came home they "all took tea" and spent about thirty minutes over jokes and their tea. Then they took away the food and set the table for the morning's breakfast. Then going to the parlor they sang and laughed until they could laugh no more, when the only thing Nellie and Carrie could do was to go home; and so they went, thinking of the splendid time they had had.

Claire F.

ENIGMA V.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 13, 18, 4, 4, is a girl's name.
My 1, 6, 11, 11, is a child's plaything.
My 2, 8, 11, is a bird.
My 4, 20, 12, 17, 14, 5, is my baby sister's name.
My 3, 17, 15, is a conjunction.
My 12, 7, 11, 11, is the opposite of bright.
My 9, 17, 18, is a number.
My 3, 19, 10, 4, 14, is to ill-treat.
My 16, 11, 15, is ancient.
My whole is a motto for right living.

Kate Houts.

ENIGMA VI.

I am composed of eleven letters.
My 1, 5, 6, 7, is a young lady.
My 2, 3, is a verb.
My 10, 11, 9, is the disease of a hen.
My 7, 8, 4, is a name given to a girl.
My whole is a large river of the United States.

M. P. T.

ENIGMA VII.

I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 1, 8, 13, 15, is not sorry.
My 6, 3, 4, 5, is to wander.
My 3, 12, 15, is not new.
My 10, 13, 14, is a large, light, covered wagon.
My 7, 12, 9, 13, 14, is not soiled.
My 7, 13, 14, is a vessel to hold liquids.
My 11, 2, 6, we all do.
My whole is a noted man of the United States.

M. P. T.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 5.

1. S-moot-h.
2. T-rum-p.
3. W-rat-h.
4. W-rot-e.
5. S-car-f.
6. E-art-h.
7. L-ear-n.
8. D-ram-a.
9. D-raw-l.
10. A-mule-t.
11. B-air-n.
12. G-rap-e.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 5.

26. See Genesis xi. 3, I. Chronicles xxii. 2, Ezra vi. 4.
27. See Jeremiah xxii. 14, Deuteronomy xxii. 8, Judges iii. 23.
28. See II. Kings iv. 10, Proverbs vii. 16.
29. See Jeremiah xxxvi. 22, John xviii. 18.
30. By means of oil-lamps and candles. See Job xii. 5, Matthew xxv. 3, Revelation xviii. 23.

For Youngest Readers.

LITTLE DOCTOR BELLE.

BY MAY CHAMBERLAIN.

EVERY year since Belle could remember she had gone with father and mother to visit her cousins "down in Connecticut." The annual treat was now near, and she could talk of nothing else. How she loved the old brick house, with its broad veranda on three sides; the old horse who had given her so many rides; the yard, with its tall grass sprinkled with violets, daisies, and buttercups; and the four cousins who loved her so dearly!

With a big doll in her arms, and a tiny one in her cloak pocket, she started off bright and early one summer morning. After the tiresome ride in the cars, how glad she was to see her uncle smiling down upon her, and her aunt and four cousins waiting on the front steps of the parsonage to welcome her! As soon as dinner was safely disposed of, the children started out eagerly to explore their old haunts, and to lay their wise little plans for days to come. "To-morrow" they would take their lunch and go way off into the meadows to see if the cunning fishes still played in the tiny brooks down there. Oh! what fun they would have!

Toward night clouds began to gather; and when Belle opened her eyes next morning, a storm had come. She could n't keep back the tears when the wind blew the drops fast and thick against the window, and her sobs grew so violent at last that mamma felt obliged to reprove her. "O mamma, do try to make it pleasant for me while I am here. I can only be here one *little* week; do try to make me happy!" cried poor Belle.

Auntie overheard from her adjoining chamber, and pitied the little visitor. She could n't make it pleasant outside, to be sure, but a recipe occurred to her which in her own childhood had never failed to make it pleasant within. As soon as breakfast was over, she called the little flock up into the big open attic, and told them how she used to play "hospital" on rainy days.

The children took to the idea at once. In the first place, different-sized boxes were brought forth and fitted up as beds for different-sized dolls; old cloth was torn up for bandages; and old dolls were hunted up whose very existence had been almost forgotten. Then dolls with broken arms had them put in slings; dolls without feet had the poor stumps done carefully up; dolls without eyes had green paper goggles pasted over them; and dolls with wounds in their heads had plasters applied.

Such wonderful medicines, too, as they invented, each bottle safely labelled. The doses looked powerful. That bottle labelled "Laudanum — poison," had a suspicious taste of weak molasses; and pure salt and water did very well for colorless potions. Clean handkerchiefs for caps, and long white aprons, turned them quickly into "truly" nurses, Belle declared.

It was such fun that the children had small appetites for dinner, and Belle assured her mother that she had never had such a good time in all her life; she quite forgot the disappointing storm, and was sorry when the sun came out late in the afternoon.

And even the next day the meadow picnic had no attraction till auntie hinted that the feeble dolls greatly needed the fresh air. That hint was enough, and to the fields they went; and in the beautiful days that followed they "played all the plays" they had planned, picked wild-flowers by the armful, and took long drives.

All too soon the "little week" was gone, and Belle went home full of stories of her good times; but the one oftenest told was "our rainy day in the hospital." After that what dangerous diseases the Watertown dolls had! In all cases, of course, Belle was consulted, as she had had experience; and it would be hard to tell which she enjoyed most, her duties or her title, — "little Doctor Belle."

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

WHAT THE CHILDREN FOUND.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

Dick and Ritta were in the garden gathering ripe berries, when they spied a queer little animal perched upon the top of a stake. The stake was nearly four feet high, and quite smooth. The creature was a good deal like a frog, they thought, though in many points it was entirely different from any frog that they had ever seen.

"Oh, look," cried Ritta; "what funny big ends he has got to his fingers!"

"Yes, he has," answered Dick; "but I was trying to think how he could have got up there; frogs can't climb, and they can't jump so high as that, and he has n't got wings."

Ritta said she could n't tell, but suggested that they ask auntie, who would be sure to know.

"Oh, yes," agreed Dick, and sped away in hot haste to the house, shouting as he ran, "Don't let him get away, Ritta."

Faithful little Ritta! She was devoted to Dick, but it must be owned she hesitated for a moment, with a thrill of repulsion; then she gently covered the creature with her apron, carefully wrapped him in its soft folds, and carrying him, followed Dick more slowly to the house.

Auntie met her at the door, opened the folds of the apron, and took the little fellow out upon her hand.

"It *is* a frog," she said, in answer to their eager questioning, "but not an ordinary one. This is a tree-frog. You would hardly expect to find frogs living up in the trees, would you? But a very large family of them do so, and they are called *Hyla Arborea*, or 'tree-frogs,' from that reason.

"Have you noticed that this little creature's toes are nearly long enough to be called fingers, and what curiously dilated ends they have, upon both his fore and hind feet? These ends are suckers, and are very much like a plaything of yours, Dick, — that bit of leather with a string passed through it, that I have seen you dip in the water, and then press down with your foot upon a stone, which you afterwards lifted very easily by the string. By a similar action this little animal can make his large finger-ends — which are moistened not by water, but by a sort of glutinous substance — adhere to any surface upon which he places them, and so can climb about in trees, or over smooth, polished substances. It does not matter to him if he even gets upon the under side of things, for his feet attach themselves so firmly as to hold him quite safe.

"He is a beautiful little fellow, too, far brighter in coloring than the common frog, and more elegant in form. You have noticed the beautiful green upon the upper part of his body; but the under side is white, and there is a yellow stripe, bordered with pale violet, running along the sides of his head and body, and even quite down the hind legs to his feet.

"You can see that his hind legs are considerably longer than those of other frogs, and that they each have five of the long, finger-like toes; while the toes of his front legs are shorter, stouter, and only four in number. These long hind legs look as if they could leap well; and we find that he is not only very active in his habits, but that his leaping power is quite astonishing. Perhaps this one was asleep, or you might not have captured him so easily; for tree-frogs often dart about from leaf to leaf, and from branch to branch, so quickly that you might mistake them for birds. A naturalist has written that he knew one to make a leap of twelve feet in length.

"They feed upon insects, which they capture in just the same way as the common frog does, — that is, by thrusting out a long tongue, covered with sticky moisture, and hitting the insect with an unerring aim. The glue-like fluid holds the captive securely as the frog draws it into his mouth, and the whole is done with such speed that your eye can barely follow the motions. Then, having swallowed his prey, the little fellow is ready again, and darts at once after the next insect that flies past.

"His voice is louder and hoarser than that of the common frog, and you would think it very curious to hear it, as people sometimes do, sounding from the top of a high tree.

"Although they shade themselves under the leaves from very hot sunshine, they are at their best and brightest in the warm countries, and these appear to be their natural home. Only one variety is found in the Middle and Northern States, while there are many in the more genial regions farther south.

"Like all the other frogs, this little creature passes the first part of its life in the water. About the last of April it quits its home among the trees and goes to some marshy spot to deposit its eggs. There it places them, sometimes actually in the water, at others upon the leaves which overhang it. Great numbers often gather at the same place for this purpose, and then their croaking becomes truly astounding. The first croak uttered seems to be a signal for all the others to join in the deafening peal, and their united voices can sometimes be heard at a distance of three or four miles on a still evening before the coming of a rain.

"When the breeding season is over the color of the tree-frog turns to reddish-brown; a little later it becomes gray, with a slight mottling of red; then it changes to blue, and again to green, which is its summer dress. The eggs are hatched by the heat of the sun, and the little tadpoles swim about in the water for some two months, living upon small insects and worms. When their tails and gills have dropped off, and their lungs and legs are grown, instinct teaches the baby tree-frogs to leave the water and make their way into the woods, where they find a new home, among their elders, upon the branches of the trees. Great swarms of these little fellows are seen at times leaping about among the bushes and trees that border the waters where they were spawned. They are four years old before they have grown to their full size, or begun to breed. When winter is at hand they seek the marshy lands again, and bury themselves deeply in the mud, where they hibernate, which means that they pass the cold months in a state of sleep so deep that it is nearly impossible to distinguish it from death itself.

"They are so beautiful in their coloring, and are so full of sprightliness and activity, that people are sometimes tempted to make use of them as pets. They are then kept in cages, just as canaries and ornamental birds are. They serve, too, for a sort of barometer, as their croaking increases before a storm. They thrive very nicely in confinement when the temperature is warm enough, and they can find plenty of insects for their food."

Dick decided that he would try keeping this little fellow for a pet, and ran quickly away, followed by Ritta, to fetch a cage; but when they returned, the tree-frog, to their great sorrow, had escaped from auntie's hand, and they never saw him again.

SCENES FROM THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE.

BY REV. E. C. L. BROWNE.

[Mr. Browne, the pastor of the Unitarian Church at Charleston, S. C., sends us these interesting "Earthquake Items." We are sure the readers of Every Other Sunday will read them with special interest, and will wish long life and a noble career to the young child that was laid in the manger. The beautiful church in Charleston, ruined by this earthquake, will be rebuilt ere long, through the generosity of Unitarians at the North. — Editor.]

Our Babe in the Manger.

We now have our own "babe in the manger." What blessing is this little unconscious one destined sometime to bring to his parents and our church? The dreadful earthquake which so shook our city and broke our houses on the night of August 31 found one house with a new-born babe in it, only ten hours old. The house rocked, the chimneys fell, the timbers creaked, the plastering clattered down, the furniture moved from its place, the lamps fell and broke; but the little babe slept in unconscious peace, — a silent example of trust in a Keeper whose strength is under us as well as over. But the terrified mother knew the danger, and trembled both for her own and the children's lives. There seemed no time to lose, and there was no time nor power for doing anything. They were taken as hastily as possible out into the street, where the night was spent by most of the families of Charleston, — the old and young, the sick and well, all suddenly roofless and homeless. Scarcely a house in the city was regarded safe, and every one sought the most lonely place to dwell in. Anything that would afford a shelter from night-damps and day-heats was welcome; and after a week in a tent in the street this family found themselves established in a small stable, and glad were they for this lonely place of safety. I am sure the Holy Family were not more grateful for their peace and safety on the Holy Night than were this "young child and his mother" in this time of terror and dismay. And when friends came at length from their own danger and distress to learn of the welfare of these, they were irresistibly struck with the scene; and the words came spontaneously to the memory, if not to the lips, "They found the young child and his mother . . . the babe lying in a manger." What shall we name the boy in the waters of baptism, and who will forecast his destiny?

The After-Peril.

Almost every family camped out in improvised and imperfect shelter for fully two weeks. It was a flight from one danger into another danger, and many have suffered and some died from illnesses incurred. At the time the Conference in Saratoga took its most generous and inspiriting action in behalf of our church, one boy, foremost and generous both in Sunday-school and church, was in bed with violent fever. In the intervals of his delirium he learned what had been done, and he took it up into his restless, incoherent talk. He fully realized its value, and it only stimulated the devotion that scarcely ever has needed to be prompted. One day, as a friend went in to see him, he looked up and said, "Eleven thousand dollars! I bet that 'll make Mr. Browne feel good!" And then in a minute his brain wandered, and he was pleading for the same cause. In a tone of mingled persuasion and contempt he exclaimed passionately, "You too poor to give *even five cents* to

rebuild the church!" This boy, not content with giving only nickels, was promptly down on the list for five dollars for our repairs after the cyclone a year ago, and now he accepts the National Conference, not as a substitute, but as a helper in his work.

The Sad Wreck.

Several Sunday-schools at the North have sent us kindly sympathies and gifts, to help re-establish ourselves. But, alas, we have as yet no place to gather in, and are still scattered abroad as a flock having no fold. The body of the church and the two libraries — in one of which the eldest class held its sessions, and in the other the little ones gathered like chattering birds for their prizes and books — are now open to the sky; books and bookcases, tables, chairs, and the stock of precious, alluring prizes and merits, are all crushed together, buried in bricks and mortar; and in the midst of all the shining fragments of our new and beautiful windows glisten mockingly! Homeless we are, both as a church and Sunday-school, but still hopeful, looking up and not down, forward and not back. We have lived through war, fire, cyclone, and tidal storms, and we still live, in spite of the quaking earth. And especially with so many on every side ready to lend a hand, and call across the distance, "Be of good cheer!" we have no room nor right to murmur or distrust. "Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

WONDERFUL JIM.

BY M. E. P.

Jim lives in Bangor, Maine. His birthday came on a Christmas. He is only three years old, but he looks like a little old man, because his hair is very white; and it is so long that he wears it braided, like a Chinaman's queue.

We all think Jim quite wonderful. I'll tell you why. When he was only a year and a half old, he went on a long journey with Gladys. He and Gladys are about the same age, and they are the most inseparable companions I think you ever saw. Jim loves to ride in the cars. He looks out of the window, and is very observing. He went through lots of large cities, and spent a few days at Santa Fé, which is one of the oldest cities in the United States. There he saw the low adobe, or mud, houses, so noted in Mexico, and he went to the quaint little church.

He saw the little Mexican girls and boys dressed in bright-colored blankets that the Indians make; and he saw the little *burros*, — or donkeys, — with loads of wood larger than themselves strapped on their backs. One bright-eyed boy brought a *burro* right up on the sidewalk to Gladys's mamma, and asked her to buy him. Jim went into the stores, and saw all sorts of curious Indian relics and Mexican pottery. He saw, at the stations in New Mexico and Arizona, real Indians, with long, straight black hair, and their faces daubed with red paint, just as you see in pictures; and he saw squaws, with their pappooses on their backs, and some of them would not let you see the pappoose unless you paid them for the showing.

He crossed three of the largest rivers on the continent (see if you can name them), and he travelled for days on the plains, and saw the prairie dogs. He climbed thousands of feet above the sea to cross the Rocky Mountains, and passed over the great Colorado desert in California, where the cactus grows so abundantly. Sixty miles of this desert is the dry bed of an inland sea, three hundred feet below the ocean. He saw great cakes of salt, and brought a piece home to keep.

Then he went to the pleasant, sunny part of California, where the oranges and lemons grow, and where the flowers bloom all winter long, because there is no snow. This was beautiful; but when he got to Monterey, — that was Paradise! Such a profusion of roses, and all kinds of lovely flowers, both cultivated and wild; heliotrope growing six feet high, and purple with blossoms; beds of the sweet English violets; ivy on the tree-trunks; and birds singing everywhere. He stayed here a long time, and they were very happy, — he and Gladys.

Then they went off again in the cars, way down through the State, and saw some wonderful railroads that wind up, up over mountain-tops, and tunnel through hills. He went to San Diego, and saw the oldest mission church; and he rode down into Old Mexico, and saw the monument which divides Mexico from the States. He sailed days on the Pacific, and watched Gladys feed the pretty, graceful sea-gulls that followed the steamer all the way to Monterey. He went to Santa Barbara, and here he heard something he never heard before: all the roosters in the town crowed every night at half-past ten, regularly. This sounded very funny. Did you ever hear a rooster crow in the evening? He saw fields of mustard growing over six feet high.

He went to the Geysers, and saw boiling springs of water. He liked San Francisco, because he could ride in the cable cars up the steepest hills, and it looked odd to see cars running along so fast without any horses. He liked, too, to go out to "the cliffs," and watch the seals. They crawl up on the ledges to bask in the sun, and then they all talk as fast as they can. They bark like dogs, and I *suppose* that is the way they talk. He thought Chinatown interesting, and he liked to see the little Chinese boys, with their funny little queues and their queer dresses. He had some of the Chinese nuts and candy; but the candy is not half so good as ours. Some of it looks like cloth, and does not taste good.

He went to the big tree groves. Just think of trees with trunks so large that it would take thirty little boys to reach around one of them!

He crossed the Sierras, and went through forty miles of snowsheds that are built over the roads to keep the snow from blockading them in winter. He saw the little mining villages, — collections of rough shanties where the men who work in the gold mines live. He went to that great inland sea, Salt Lake; and he went to church in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City. He passed through the wild cañons and gorges of Colorado, and went to Niagara Falls.

Last summer he and Gladys went to the seashore with three little cousins; and such a nice time as they had, playing on the beach and sailing their boats!

Wherever Gladys goes, — to walk or ride, at home or abroad, — she hugs up Jim in her chubby little arms and carries him along too, sharing everything with him. Is any other little girl so devoted to her pet dolly? For Jim is only a worsted doll.

"THE DIFFICULT DUTY."

Dear Mr. Editor:

Once before I wrote you a letter; and as you invited me to write again, I thought I would write about the story named "The Difficult Duty," published in No. 5 of Every Other Sunday.

It seems to me a very hard question to decide whether Paul did right or not; but if he had been very earnest to save the life of his unfortunate companion, do you think he would have had time to reason so much? It seems as if he would have jumped right in without stopping to think of any harm which might come to himself. If he had had perfect trust in God, would he not have thought that such an opportunity would not have been put before him if he was to do nothing towards saving the poor man?

That is the only reasoning which satisfies me.

I think, as "Henry" says, that I would not like to be in such a situation.

We enjoy the Every Other Sunday very much, especially the *Letter-Box*.

Your constant reader,

Faith.

Aiken, S. C., Nov. 15, 1886.

OUR PICTURES.

On the outside page of this number we give a pretty German picture, the title of which is "Sleep, darling, sleep." A little German verse explains the picture's meaning. We give this verse first in German, and then in English: —

Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf!
Der Vater hüt't die Schaaf';
Die Mutter schüttelt das Bäumelein,
Da fall'n herab die Träumelein;
Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf!

[*Translation.*]

Sleep, darling, sleep!
The father guards the sheep;
The mother shakes the dreamlet-tree,
Down drops a little dream for thee;
Sleep, darling, sleep!

The picture on page 53 is an engraving from a famous painting in the Dresden gallery, by the Spanish artist, Murillo. It is called "The Dice-players." It is a study of child-life in southern Europe. Three poor children have stopped under a high wall by the roadside, and while one is eating his lunch, at which the dog casts a wistful eye, the others are too intent upon their game of chance to think of eating. The scene is wonderfully life-like, and we may thoroughly enjoy the grouping of these child-figures and the varied expressions on their faces without approving what seems to be a gambling operation on a small scale. Playing games of chance simply "for fun" is always much more "fun" than to play them even for the smallest sums of money, or their equivalents.

Murillo, who painted this picture, is the most celebrated artist of the Spanish school, and his works are universally admired.

Our Book Table.

Class A.

Books for Youngest Pupils.

Little Chapters for Little Folk. Illustrated. London: Sunday-School Association. Boards. pp. 64. Price, 25 cents.

This is a charming book for "little folk," made up of short sketches and pretty pictures.

Class B

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

An English Hero. By Frances E. Cooke. London: S. Sonnenschein. Cloth. pp. 130. Price, 75 cents.

The modern hero of whom this book treats is Richard Cobden. The story is well told, and it will help any boy — or girl either — to read of this noble Englishman who rose from obscurity to fame because from his boyhood he was true to great aims in life and always bravely did his duty.

REMARKABLE WOMEN AS EXAMPLES FOR GIRLS. By Ann Swaine. London: Sunday-School Association. pp. 164. Price, 60 cents.

This is a book for the girls, — one they will enjoy reading. The sketches of the lives of these women are brief and well told. It is as women of industry that the lives of these eight women who form the subjects of these sketches are held up as examples for our girls to follow. M. T.

STORIES OF GREAT LIVES. Ulrich Zwingli, Milton, and Bunyan. Written for Young People. By Frances E. Cooke. London: Sunday-School Association. pp. 180. Price, 60 cents.

To read of the truly good and great is always helpful to the young. This book will do for the boys what "Remarkable Women" will do for the girls, — stimulate them to live noble, unselfish lives. Although written for young people, old as well as young will find the book interesting reading. M. T.

THE STORY OF GERMANY. By Sabine Baring-Gould and Arthur Gilman. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. pp. 418. Price, $1.50.

This book is one of the most interesting of the historical series, "The Story of the Nations." It is written in clear, concise language. Important facts are repeated with emphasis that they may be indelibly impressed on the reader's mind. There are numerous illustrations, the paper is excellent, and the type clear; all adding greatly to the beauty of the book. M. T.

MELCHIOR'S DREAM, BROTHERS OF PITY, AND OTHER TALES. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. With illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 356. Price, $1.00.

These stories were written when Mrs. Ewing was only nineteen years of age. In "Melchior's Dream" a good lesson is taught, showing that happiness is not obtained by selfishly receiving the good things of this life. The boy who wished he were the only son came to rejoice that there were nine brothers and sisters to share his pleasures with him. Another story, "The Brothers of Pity," tells of a little lonely child, who learns from his godfather how the "Brothers" in olden times went about caring for the sick, and burying the dead. So he strives to be a "Brother" also, and hunts for dead beetles, birds, and poor cats, and tenderly buries them. The other stories in the book are of equal interest. L. S.

UNCLE TITUS. From the German of Johanna Spyri. By Lucy Wheelock. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. pp. 201. Price, $1.00.

A young reader of this delightful book says: "It is a charming story of a little girl who having lost her father and mother is put under the care of her Uncle Titus and Aunt Annette. On account of her uncle's ill health they all go to Tannenberg, where Dora meets the children of her mother's dear friend, and when she becomes acquainted with them sets them a good example by her gentle and loving ways." The editor can only add that he, too, has found the book charming, an admirable companion volume to "Heidi" and "Red Letter Stories," by the same author. The translator has clothed the German story in a dress of simple but beautiful English, making it most attractive to children and to all who love children.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

BECKONINGS FOR EVERY DAY. Arranged by Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 225. Price, $1.25.

This Calendar of Thought is made up of prose and poetical selections from the works of many of the great authors of all countries and all ages, though the majority of the extracts are by modern writers. There are thoughts for every day in the year, grouped by months under such general headings as: *Our Work, Toward the Heights, Heaven-life on Earth*, etc. There is little to criticise, much to admire, and many inspiring "Thoughts" to be thankful for in this book of Daily Beckonings. It will be a welcome help to those who seek a "Blessing on the Day."

From the London Sunday-School Association we have received, in addition to books elsewhere reviewed in these columns, three distinctively Sunday-school Helps. The first of these is, —

OUR UNITARIAN FAITH FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Rev. J. S. Marriott. pp. 84. Price, 30 cts.

The first two chapters of this manual are given to the doctrine of the Trinity, and how the early Christians came to believe in it. Then follow four chapters on *Christ, the Bible, Our Forefathers*, and *Religion*. The book, especially in the chapter on *Our Forefathers*, is better adapted for English than American schools, and is, besides, less comprehensive and suggestive than Dr. Clarke's "Manual of Unitarian Belief." It will, however, be of value to our teachers as a reference-book on a subject that every Unitarian Sunday-school should teach. The second book of this series is entitled, —

THE STORY OF JEREMIAH AND HIS TIMES. By Harriet M. Johnson. pp. 192. Price, 60 cts.

This is an admirable study of one of the greatest of the Hebrew prophets. It might well occupy a class an entire year. Studied with a right use of reference-books and collateral reading, it would afford a much clearer view of the Hebrew religion in its best days than is usually obtained by those who try to go through the whole Old Testament in a single year. The last volume of these books from the London Association is called, —

SUNDAY FOR OUR LITTLE ONES. By Rev. E. Geldart. pp. 181. Price, 60 cts.

This book belongs to the same class with "Sermons to Children," by the Martineau Cousins, and the "Sunday Stories," by Rev. H. N. Brown. We wish Mr. Geldart had sometimes left out the explanations which explain away the Bible stories on which his excellent lessons are based; but the book will be helpful to judicious teachers and parents who "read aloud" to their children.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

THE crowded state of our columns compels us to omit the *Question-Box* in this number. The next number will be wholly devoted to Christmas stories; but beginning with New Year's, the *Question-Box* will appear regularly, and we hope to receive a great many questions from teachers and others.

OUR MISSIONARY WORK.

WE have sometimes referred in these columns to the missionary work of our Sunday-School Society, and have asked the children to send us contributions to enable us to do more of this kind of work. In answer to a recent request for Sunday-school manuals, etc., to be sent to Colorado, where a devoted woman is engaged in teaching among the "cow-boys" of that far-off Western State, we sent her some books which we thought would be helpful. In acknowledging these books the lady writes:

"The books will be a great comfort to me. I am a Unitarian through the 'Post Office Mission,' and a worker here in our little Sunday-school. Because my 'boys' *try* to do *well*, I want them to do better, and thank you for your aid. I often think of the Eastern cities, for here I have never heard a church-bell ring. Do people in New England rightly appreciate their blessings? We are seventeen miles from a church and three miles from a school and post-office. I hope you remember in your prayers all who are isolated in the West. May a blessing attend all your efforts, and may the seed you send here be not sown in stony ground!"

AT the meeting of lady teachers, May 25, 1886, held under the auspices of the Sunday-School Union, a committee was appointed to consider the graded system of lessons for Sunday-schools. The Committee, having performed this duty, submit the following brief report: —

Outlines of courses of graded lessons have been prepared by various ministers for use in their own schools, as by Rev. E. H. Hall, of Cambridge. Others are in preparation which will shortly be issued. "The Plan of Graded Study," by Rev. E. A. Horton, and another "Plan," by Mrs. Frances E. Colburn, can already be obtained from the Sunday-School Society, so that the need in this direction is being supplied. Manuals for different ages and different parts of any course can also be procured at 25 Beacon Street; the chief deficiency being in cards and manuals for the very youngest classes.

K. G. WELLS.
L. M. PEABODY.
F. E. COLBURN.

NORMAL CLASS LECTURE-TALKS.

THE Unitarian Sunday-School Society has arranged for a series of seventeen Lecture-Talks to Sunday-school teachers, to be given Thursday afternoons, at half-past three o'clock, in Channing Hall, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, to begin December 2, 1886. While these talks are designed for the instruction of Sunday-school teachers, they are open to all persons who may desire to attend the meetings.

The following is a list of the lecturers, dates, and topics: —

Dec. 2, 9, 16, 30,* 1886, Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D. *Topic:* Studies in the Life of Jesus.

Jan. 6, 13, 20, 27, Feb. 3, 1887, Rev. BROOKE HERFORD. *Topic:* Studies in the Old Testament Stories.

Feb. 10, 17, 24, Mar. 3, 1887, Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D. *Topic:* The Connection between the Old and New Testaments.

March 10, 17, 24, 31, 1887, Rev. S. H. WINKLEY. *Topic:* Sunday-School Teaching.

* There will be no Lecture on December 23.

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